

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

"BUT WITH ALL THY GETTING
GET UNDERSTANDING."



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE
WITHOUT LABOR.

VOL 2.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1867.

NO. 5.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

WE suppose that most of our little friends have read the story of Joseph, who was sold by his brothers, which was printed in our last number. If they have not, we hope they will do so, as they will then be better able to understand the causes that led the children of Jacob to reside in the land of Egypt.

For many years after the death of Joseph, the Israelites lived in peace with their neighbors. But in the course of time the Egyptians forgot how Joseph had saved their fathers from famine and the good he had done for the nation, and a king ruled over them who, as the Scriptures inform us, "knew not Joseph." This king began to fear the Hebrews, as the children of Jacob were called, for they had grown to be very numerous and powerful in the land. No doubt they had striven to a very great extent to keep the laws of God, and obtained his blessing and enjoyed his care, until they had become a mighty and distinct people in the midst of the nation. They did not worship the strange gods of Egypt. They did not speak the language of its people. Their ways were entirely different to the ways of those who surrounded them. They were a strong, bold, happy people with the favor of God shining in their faces. So the king called a council of his ministers and warriors. What should be done with these Hebrew people who dwell in the land of Goshen? was the question to be decided. For, they argued, something must be done, to stop their growth in power and numbers or they would soon be stronger than the Egyptians, and instead of being ruled would be the rulers of the rest of the nation. Then it was decided that the best way to prevent this, was to oppress them by laying heavy burdens on them. Making them do all the hard work,—build their cities, erect their pyramids, dig the irrigating canals and perform similar labors. This plan was at once acted upon; but it did not answer as was expected. So they laid still heavier

burdens on the Israelites. But the more they oppressed them, the more they thrived; the more numerous their children became. The labor, instead of weakening them, only gave them more strength and vigor. So this plan, like all others formed against the people of God, proved a complete failure.

The king was determined, however, to accomplish his purpose. If one plan did not succeed, he would try another. No matter how wicked. He there upon issued the cruel command, to have all the male children of the Hebrew women killed as soon as they were born. Great was the sorrow of the Israelites when this decree was sent forth. It seemed to them that they would be destroyed as a distinct people, and as though all the promises God had made to their father Abraham of their becoming a multitude of nations would come to naught. The Lord, however, does not forget his promises, and this period, which seemed to the children of Israel as the hour of their severest trials, was but the prelude to their deliverance from bondage and the destruction of their oppressors.

One of the women of the tribe of Levi gave birth to a very beautiful boy, which she resolved she would not yield to the tyrant. With the assistance of her husband she hid him in the house for about three months. He had then grown so big that she could no longer conceal him. She then made a basket of bulrushes, shaped like a cradle, made a soft bed therein, on which she placed her babe, and hid it in a secluded place on the river Nile. She placed her daughter Miriam to watch what became of her infant brother. This must have been a very severe trial to the mother to thus expose her child to the dangers of that mighty river; but the Lord led her to do this with the child to accomplish His designs.

Pharaoh, the Egyptian king, had a daughter, who, with her handmaidens, was in the habit of bathing in the river. One day she spied something strange floating on the water. She



sent one of her attendants to bring it to her, when she found it was an infant who was contentedly laying on his bed in the bulrush ark. His beauty pleased her, and she determined to adopt him as her own, as she was without a son. Who was to nurse and take care of him while he was so young? was her next thought. When Miriam, who had drawn near without being observed, proposed to the princess to send for an Hebrew woman to take charge of him, as he evidently belonged to that people. To this the princess gave her consent. Miriam went and fetched the child's mother, who without mentioning her relationship to the babe, nursed and cared for him until he no longer required her aid.

Moses (for that was the name the princess gave him) was then instructed in all the arts, and learning of the Egyptians, and, as Josephus the Jewish historian writes, was made general of their armies, and looked upon as the heir to the throne. One circumstance however changed all this. He saw an Egyptian ill-using one of the Hebrews; Moses was indignant, and in his anger he slew the Egyptian. Finding that what he had done was known amongst the people, he fled from the country. He then resided for many years with Midian near Mount Sinai, and married one of his daughters. There perhaps he would have remained all his life in the quiet occupation of tending his father-in-law's flocks and herds, had not the Lord appeared to him in a burning bush and commanded him to return to Egypt to deliver Israel from their thralldom in that land. Of this mission and its results we propose writing in our next.

G. R.

Voices From Nature.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

THE RAINBOW.

STILL vivid in my mind is the bitter feeling and inexpressible sadness, the first of any account in my life, which I experienced, when in my thirteenth year I got hold of a popular work on astronomy and read a representation of the nature of the heavens above us. Line after line, as I proceeded in reading, my cherished ideas I had formed for myself about the sun, moon, stars and our mother earth, were ruthlessly and irreparably torn to pieces, and I felt lonesome and chilly before the immensity of space that opened before my view. It took a long, long time for me to realise the beauty and superiority of truth and reality above the charming illusions of imagination and prejudice.

Perhaps my young readers also may give me little thanks for handling a subject to-day, about which they probably have already formed their own notions, and which notions may very likely be opposed to my statements. They may think my explanation on the subject, not half so nice as their own way of looking at it. But let us see. You all have seen a rainbow, when a dark rain-cloud hovered in one part of the heavens, and on the opposite side of it the bright sun would be shining. This glorious arch, stretching from mountain to mountain across the plains, is by far the most beautiful phenomenon our eye can behold in nature.

It will not have escaped your observation that there are two conditions necessary for the formation of a rainbow—a cloud on one side of you, and the sun on the other. Therefore you can only see a rainbow in the morning to the west of where you are standing, and in the afternoon to the east of where you are standing. You never saw a rainbow in the north or south, for

the same reason that you have to stand always between the sun and the cloud. Sometimes only a part of the rainbow is formed, on account of the cloud being too much sideways, or too small, too high or too low; or you may have seen two rainbows or even, although seldom, three; the second of which is only a reflection of the first, and the third a reflection of the second. In very rare cases two rainbows have been seen crossing one another, which can only take place when two clouds meet at right angles. You will further notice, that the earlier in the morning or the later in the afternoon the rainbow is formed the higher its arch will be.

Although science recognises only six proper colors in the rainbow, the popular opinion has assumed seven; this being considered a sacred number. Their names are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. There is further this peculiarity about the rainbow that the sky within its arch is of a darker blue than outside of it, which is caused through the rainbow absorbing the reflected rays of the sun within itself. But you ask, what is the rainbow made of? How thick is it? Now, if you please, not too many questions at once.

In answer to the first question I tell you, that the rainbow is made of nothing:—at least of no more than the glare of light which is reflected from the glittering water upon the ceiling of your room, or the beautiful colors which you can let fall on the ground through a piece of broken glass, for if you look at them carefully, you will find, that they are precisely the same colors and in the same order as in the rainbow. Every ray of the sun can be divided into these colors, which always appear in the same arrangement, and this is called the sun-spectrum, to which yet other qualifications, however, belong, that have nothing to do with our present subject. You can never step underneath a rainbow; for the people who live at the place where you see it, can see no rainbow at all, or if they see one, it is still further off. In fact everybody sees his own rainbow, inasmuch as no two men can stand precisely at the same place in the same time. You cannot take hold of your own likeness in the looking-glass, for it is no substance, only reflected light, and so is it with the rainbow.

In all ages has this beautiful phenomenon attracted the attention and admiration of men, and various have been the conjectures, made about its nature, and some heathen nations of old took it for a bridge upon which the gods descended from the heavens to the earth; but its most beautiful interpretation is found in the Bible, where it is represented as the emblem of peace and of a promise of the Lord, that as long the earth should stand, wherever the rainbow should be seen there would be seed time and harvest; and to us all may it be an assurance, that, however the storms of adversity may visit us, and the tears of grief moisten our eyes, as long as the glorious sun of faith and confidence in the Lord is shining within us, it will produce the bright hope, uniting, like yonder beautiful arch in the clouds, the dark present with future better days.

K. G. M.

[CONTINUED.]

A CURIOUS LETTER.

THE following letter purports to be written by a Jew who was traveling in Palestine, in a merchant's employ, at the time the Lord Jesus Christ, our Savior, was upon the earth in the flesh. It was written by the young man to his tutor in the Netherlands. The letter was translated from the Danish of Dr. JUNG-STILLING by Elder JESSE N. SMITH.

We publish the letter as an interesting document; its chief interest being centred in the descriptions of the Savior; but we

do not endorse its particulars as true. Whether a work of the imagination, or not, it is evidently written by the Spirit, and leaves a pleasing impression on the reader's mind, and it may, possibly, be a true statement.—[Ed. J. I.]

ALL this seemed very strange to me; if, thought I, the Messiah is to exalt our nation, which our Prophets so often declare, then all classes high and low must receive and obey him, and submit to his rule as their Lord and King, in short all seemed to me just as dark as before. But I concluded to see this man if possible, and talk with him and observe everything closely that I might arrive at certainty. I therefore hastened my departure from Joppa. On my way to Jerusalem I heard the Prophet Jesus of Nazareth everywhere spoken of, and much that was extraordinary was ascribed to him, neither was there any lack of mockery and contumely. I saw some who had been sick and were healed; these extolled him without measure, and openly proclaimed that he was the Messiah. On the third day towards evening, I came to Jerusalem. The first sight of the holy city made a deep and lasting impression upon me. The lofty and noble Temple, with its ornamental finish, with Mount Zion and its numerous towers, all heightened the effect of the glorious picture, which one must see for himself to fully comprehend. But the lofty sentiments and sublime thoughts which this view called up in my mind received a sudden check. As I entered the city I observed that the light-minded and ungodly youth mocked at every passer-by, while dissolute women in gaudy apparel swarmed at every turning, and Romans and Roman soldiers stalked abroad in all the pride of dominion and authority. I also saw priests and learned councilors; but of these things I will not speak; in short, my feelings underwent a great revulsion since first beholding the city, and I hastened on to my place of lodging, which was with a merchant to whom I was recommended by Simon of Joppa.

My worthy host and his family were excellent people; they also believed that Jesus is the Messiah. They told me also of many wonderful works which Jesus had performed, so that my faith again revived and also my desire to see him and talk with him. I was however compelled to postpone the matter some weeks, as I had urgent business to attend to at Jerusalem. I went twice with my host to Bethany, where an excellent family, composed of a brother and two sisters, lived; their names were Lazarus, Martha and Mary, and with them Jesus often tarried. They received me with great friendship, and from them I heard much of Jesus pertaining to his godlike character and glorious works. I expressed my desire to go and see him, of which they approved, and Lazarus even gave me a letter to him.

Lazarus is of a very weakly constitution, and in this his sister Mary resembles him, while Martha is active and lively, though just as upright as the others. These dear people told me that I would find Jesus in Galilee, probably in the neighborhood of Capernaum.

On the first day of the month, which was Sunday, I set out for Galilee. At Capernaum I was told that Jesus had gone to Nazareth, to visit his mother. At this I was rejoiced, as I could now find this remarkable family together. I turned towards the west and passed between Mounts Hermon and Thabor, crossing the valley of Esdracelon. I ascended a ridge of mountains, from whence I could see the little city of Nazareth, situated on a hill in an even valley. My heart beat quick, and hastening forward I soon passed the city gate. I inquired of an old man, who was sitting at a door, where the Prophet Jesus tarried. I must pass up through a street and to the left into another, where I would see many lame, blind and sick outside a door; that was the house which I should enter. Going further I found all as the old man said. Coming near I saw an old woman, who with out-stretched arms, ran hastily out of the

door; she raised her eyes to heaven, and looked eagerly around, as though she never had seen the world before. She wept aloud, and shouted hosannah to God. I soon learned that she went in blind only a few moments before, and had now received her sight. Several sufferers now pressed forward; but some men at the door caused only one at a time to pass in. Among others I saw a man with crooked legs, who came slowly forward, supporting himself upon crutches. I observed him closely that I might know him again, but what think you? after being helped in, he came out with out-stretched legs, and, throwing away his crutches, he cried aloud, thanking and praising God. But how should I reach him? this was a difficult matter. I could not pass through the door; but hearing planing, sawing and chopping in one part of the house, I went around, and looked in through the window. Seeing some young men at work, after saluting, I asked them to open the door and let me come in. One of them showed me a little back-door through which I passed into the workshop. After making myself known, I expressed a desire to see the Master, and talk with him.

The oldest answered me in a mild and friendly manner; "My brother is tired, and has a great deal to do, so that you will hardly get to talk with him this evening."

Hereupon another spoke, "Will he not soon be done? meantime I will bring mother."

He went out and a woman of very distinguished appearance, of forty-six or forty-eight years of age, came in. She was neatly and becomingly clad, so mild and friendly, and from her features there beamed a native majesty. Ah! master, what a woman! I could willingly have fallen down, before her, to the ground. She talked to me with circumspection, asking me to sit down by her. I did so. Her conversation was full of wisdom and piety. She informed me that an angel had foretold to her the birth of her son, and that he truly was the Messiah. I could never become weary of the conversation of this glorious woman. While she thus entertained me a very handsome young man came in. A cold chill passed through me; but this was not him, though one of his disciples.

He said to the mother, whose name was Mary, that the Master had gone out to the cypress grove. Mary introduced me to the disciple, whose name was John, and said: "Here is a young man of our people who has come from the distant west, and having heard much of Jesus, he is exceedingly anxious to see him, and talk with him."

John turned toward me with a kindly manner and said, "Peace be with thee." "The Master," he continued, "is very tired; but come. I will accompany you to him." As we went, tears of joy ran down my cheeks. Oh! master, what people were these! Such had I never seen before. Peace, love, contentment, joy and friendship are expressed in all their words and actions. This I also observed at Bethany. If the followers of the Messiah must all be such as these, alas! I greatly fear me for our nation, and yet his kingdom must be composed of such and such alone, according to the description which the Prophets have given of it. When we came near to the cypress grove we saw him sitting there to rest; but as we approached he rose up and came to meet us. Oh! my friend, how can I describe him? His countenance was graced with a certain solemnity that I cannot convey in words, he seemed so good and friendly; yet the more I looked upon him the more his features expressed a native majesty that filled my mind with awe. He regarded me with a penetrating glance, and I realized that my whole being passed beneath his scrutiny. I could not do otherwise, I fell at his feet, but he raised me up again.

To be continued.

THE best way to keep cool, said a witty person, is not to get warm.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON. : EDITOR.

MARCH 1. 1867.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

"HE is honest I know. I would trust him with uncounted gold!" What a character is this! To be trusted without fear with gold that has not been counted. Yet there are many people who are so honest that they would not take a pin that did not belong to them. Suppose one of our little readers were to be put in a room full of gold, and the owner did not know how much there was, would he carry off a single piece? If he did so, it would be stealing. To steal is to take that for your own use which does not belong to you. It is by small beginnings that thieves are made. A boy, when small, sees some little thing that he thinks he would like to have. He can take it and nobody will see him. He yields to the temptation and commences to be a thief. As he grows larger he keeps up his pilfering, until it becomes a habit with him. He then steals whenever he can do so, and not be seen, until at last he is caught in his sin,—he is tried before a judge—is found guilty, and is known as a thief by every one for the rest of his days. How sad a finish to a life that might have been a useful and happy one!

It is often said that "honesty is the best policy;" and why? Is an honest man always the richest? Not in gold and silver; houses and lands, or flocks and herds. It may be possible for rogues and thieves sometimes to have more of these things than honest people. This is very seldom the case however. But the honest man is rich in the happiness of a conscience void of offence to his fellow men. He can look all men in the face, assured he has injured none. He is not a coward; he knows he has nothing to fear. He realizes he has the approval and blessing of his heavenly Father; and if he be a child, of his earthly parents also. Is not this wise policy, both for this world and the next? Who would be so foolish as to throw away all these blessings by little beginnings in sin, could they realize what they were doing? But very few, however, do realize this; and the result is the prisons of the nations are full of felons, and their cities of evil doers who were once innocent boys and girls; but who gave way to temptation, grew from bad to worse until they have become outcasts among their fellow men. Now, our little readers will not have the excuse that they did not know the result of these little beginnings in sin, for we have striven to show them the folly of such practices. May they remember this advice that it may strengthen them when they feel tempted to take what does not belong to them.

THE following letter we have received from one of our little subscribers. The words and ideas are her own, as she talked them to her parents, and she got her father to write them for her:

CACHE VALLEY, March, 1867.

Dear Mr. Editor:—I am very fond of your—or rather, *our*—pretty little paper, and I can't tell you how disappointed I am if the naughty mail man comes without it, which he sometimes does.

I love to look at the nice pictures in it, and get my papa or mamma to read to me about them. But there are a great many words that a little girl can't understand. I wonder if the good people who help you to write for us children were ever little boys and girls like us? If they were I am afraid they have forgotten; for so many of them write to us as if we were old folks. Of course there are many big boys and girls who read your paper, and it would not do to have nothing in it but little stories for little folks; but, you know, it's the *Children's* paper, and I do wish, for truth, that they would use some littler words in it, so we could understand.

My papa tells me you want money very much to buy paper with. I have'n't much; but I have fifty cents which was given to me, and papa says I may send it. If every little boy and girl like me would send you fifty cents, or two bits, or even ten cents, it would help you a great deal, wouldn't it? I love you, Mr. Editor, very much, and hope God will send you all the money you need.

AGNES.

We thank little Agnes for her kind feelings and for the interest that she has in the INSTRUCTOR. If all the money in the world were given to us, it would not make us feel near so rich as to see the little boys and girls in this Territory growing up in the love of God and the knowledge of the truth. We are made glad when we hear of them reading the INSTRUCTOR; for we hope they will learn from its pages to love obedience, virtue and goodness and try to become faithful and righteous men and women. We think little Agnes' ideas about writing "littler words" in the INSTRUCTOR are very good. We will try to write more simply ourself in the future and persuade our brethren and sisters, who write for the INSTRUCTOR, to do likewise.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

THE MAELSTROM.

THIS is rather a hard word for some of our little readers; but most of you know what a whirlpool is, and the Maelstrom is a very large whirlpool near the coast of Norway, in Europe. You have no doubt often seen whirlwinds. They are caused by two currents or drafts of air meeting each other from opposite directions, and, as neither of them will entirely give way to the other, they mingle and curl up, something like rolling up paper, and carry up the dust in the shape of a spiral pillar, sometimes to a very great height. Some of these whirlwinds are so strong that they take up men and women, or children, and tear up trees by the roots. Now a whirlpool is just like a whirlwind, only that it is water instead of air or wind, and that it sucks things down into the sea instead of up towards the sky. The one on the coast of Norway is very terrible. Its roaring is often heard for many miles around, and it has destroyed a great many ships and sailors. Sometimes, when there is no wind to make the ships sail away from this awful place, the tide, or current of the water, carries them slowly towards the whirlpool, and they begin to float round a large circle, very gently at first, but they keep going faster and faster, and turning in a smaller and smaller circle, until, at last, they are swallowed by the raging waters and are never seen any more, except some of their broken fragments, or mangled bodies, that are washed on shore by the waves.

How would you like to be on board one of those ships? Not very well, you say. Think what awful agony the sailors must feel as they see themselves rushing to destruction, and cry in vain for some one to save them. But it is too late. They should have watched, and, if necessary, have got out their boats and rowed and worked hard to keep their ship out of this dangerous current.

Now we may say that you are in a ship. Your body may be said to be like a little ship for your spirit to sail in over the ocean of life, and there are many rocks and whirlpools that may wreck you if you do not mind. Sin is a very dreadful and dangerous whirlpool, and a great many are swallowed by it. It seems so easy to do a little wrong at first that many little boys and girls give way and allow themselves to be carried by the current into the whirlpool of wickedness, until they cannot help themselves, and none of their friends can get near them to help them either. But, says one little one, cannot God help them? Yes, but He has told his children to keep away from this dangerous spot and not play near or trifle with it; and if they will not obey Him, they cannot expect Him to help them when they get into trouble. Now try and keep away from the edges of naughtiness, won't you? Don't go near anything that is wrong, and always pray to the Lord to keep you from being swallowed up by the black waters of sin.

W. H. S.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

OUR young readers may have seen and watched with much interest some of our canyon creeks dashing over projecting rocks, the water falling eight or ten feet before it strikes the bed of the stream at the bottom of the rock. These little water-falls are termed cascades, and there is something very attractive in watching them, as the water falls in a never ending stream, on, on, and down, down, the fine spray being blown about with every blast of wind, and the water bubbling, boiling and casting up its foam at the bottom. Yet these beautiful little cascades give but a very faint idea of some of the cataracts, or great water falls, in various places of the world, where a wide and deep river pours its immense volume of water over a huge precipice almost deafening the ears with the mighty and ceaseless sound of its fall.

The most famous cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, one view of which is represented in our illustration. The Niagara river connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, two of the great chain of lakes which lie between the United States and Canada. About forty miles below Lake Erie the river, nearly three quarters of a mile wide and about twenty feet in depth, dashes over a tremendous rocky precipice more than one hundred and fifty feet high, or nearly two and a half times the height of the New Tabernacle roof. This vast sheet of water is divided by islands in the river, forming two principal falls, one of which on the United States' side, called the American Falls, is nine hundred feet wide, or nearly as much as one and a half of the city blocks in Great Salt Lake City; while the other, called the Canadian Falls, is over two thousand feet across, or about as wide as three and a half city blocks.

To describe these Falls so as to give you a correct idea of them, would be impossible. The noise caused by such a vast body of water falling such a distance is almost deafening. A cloud always hangs over them, caused by the light spray and vapor from the foaming cataract, which as the sun's rays fall upon it, presents the colors of the rainbow, and has a very beautiful appearance.

There is also another fall, called the Centre Fall, which though two hundred and forty feet wide, looks like a white ribbon when compared with the Great Falls.

There are many interesting and thrilling anecdotes related about the Falls of Niagara, which are worthy of being told in connection with any account of them. In the summer of 1849, a young man who was visiting them, in company with a family from Buffalo, took a little girl in his arms, and playfully said he was going to throw her in. The child, seized by a sudden fear, sprang from his arms into the rushing torrent; and the young man with a cry of horror sprang after her. Their mangled remains were afterwards found at different places below the Falls.

In 1829 a man named Sam Patch leaped over the Falls twice, by means of a ladder which he placed on a rock so it projected

over the water. He laid a platform on the ladder, walked out on it, and leaped down feet foremost ninety-seven feet. He afterwards made a higher leap at the Falls of the Genesee river and was drowned.

A man named J. R. Robinson made himself famous more than twenty years ago, by venturing into the rapids in a skiff, and saving life and property at various times.

A few years ago an Indian tried to cross the river in a canoe, while partially intoxicated. He was drawn into the rapids, and seeing that his doom was certain, he laid down in the bottom of his canoe and went over the Falls.

Some idea may be formed of the immense volume of water which passes over the American or Horse-shoe Fall,—so named from its being somewhat in that form, from the following anecdote: In 1829 a ship called the *Detroit*, was bought, a bear, a deer, a buffalo, and several smaller animals were put on board of her, and she was sent over the Falls. This vessel sat eighteen feet deep in the water, or drew eighteen feet water, as it is termed, yet she did not strike the cliff as she passed over into the depths of the terrible waters below. She was almost knocked to pieces in the rapids, but a large portion of the hull went over entire. Nothing was seen of the animals after, nor were any remains found. In 1837 a steamer named the *Caroline* was set fire to, cut loose from her moorings at Fort Schlosser a few miles above the rapids, and sent over the Falls.

Some distance below the Falls there is built a Suspension Bridge which is a marvel of mechanical skill. It is eight hundred feet long, twenty-four feet wide, and about two hundred and fifty feet above the river. It is made of wire cables, which pass

over towers of solid masonry. There is a railroad track, and a carriage and foot way over this bridge. In 1859 a man named Blondin, celebrated for walking on the tight rope, stretched a rope from side to side of the river, and crossed over on it. He crossed over the rope afterwards walking on stilts; again with his eyes bandaged; and in other various fool-hardy ways; for if he had slipped off and fallen into the river below no power of man could have saved his life.

The Falls of Niagara are among the many great wonders which the Creator has formed on the earth; and they who look upon them without feeling themselves in the presence of a Power before which that of man sinks into nothingness, must be very forgetful indeed of the God who made them and who holds the earth and all that is on it, as it were, in the hollow of His hand.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

WHAT IS WORTH DOING, IS WORTH DOING WELL.

"THERE, that'll do. Good enough for me anyhow."

These words were uttered by little Susan Sloven as she stood looking at her mother's cooking stove, which she had just been pretending to polish.

If it would do for her, it would not do for many folks. There was a little patch of rust in one place, a piece with a good pol-



ish by the side of it, and again a dull black spot by the side of that, which looked as though a brush had never been near it. Altogether it did not look as though any one had been trying to clean it very much. But Susan was satisfied: it was just her way with everything. She as often wore her hat hind part before, as she did the right way; and ten chances to one if she had any strings in her boots or garters to her stockings. As to her clothes they were handsomely adorned with patches of grease and mud, and embroidered with a fringe work of slits and rents. All of which she was too careless to clean or mend. At school her Reader was all dogs'-ears; her slate had a crack down the middle and a piece chipped out of three of the corners, while her copy book, O dear! was so covered with blots and smears, that it would have puzzled ten lawyers to decide what she had written.

Now, what do our readers think of girls and boys who act like this little lady? Do any of you ever remember having read or heard of any such becoming great and wise when they grew up? Not many we think. For it is more than likely that such untidy, careless, "don't-care" habits will grow upon them as they grow older, until they will not be able to do anything as well as it should be done; and will be despised and shunned by those who have tried to keep themselves clean, neat and tidy.

"What is worth doing, is worth doing well" is a good motto for all of us to keep in mind. Why do it at all, we ask, if it is *not* worth doing well? It were better to leave it alone and not touch it, if it is of so little consequence as not to be worth doing properly. Never mind how small, or of how little importance it may seem to you. Do not do it badly for the reason of its smallness. Small things grow to bigger ones. And the boy and girl who have made up their minds that they will try to do everything they are asked to do, so that no one shall do it better than they, will find when they grow up they will be trusted and thought much more of than had they been careless and slovenly in the little things they had to do when they were young.

We recollect reading of a rich merchant who had once been a very poor boy. One day he had cause to find fault with one of his men for not doing his work properly. The man, not liking to be reproved, became insolent, and finished by saying, "Anyhow, old man, you need not think so much of yourself. I knew you when you was only a drummer boy." As though being a drummer boy was a disgrace.

"Very likely," replied the gentleman, "you did. But did I not drum well? Eh? Did I not drum well?"

Boys and girls, always "drum well." Do all you have to do well. Then, depend upon it, when you grow up you will never be sorry for the pains you have taken in putting into practice the motto of "What is worth doing, is worth doing well."

For the Juvenile Instructor.

A FEW OF MY OWN THOUGHTS.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

I AM going to write to you about death. Do not be frightened at the word. I am sure that you sometimes think about it, and perhaps it makes you feel sad when you hear of any one dying; and, no doubt, many of you have had some of your dearest friends taken from you by death. It is indeed a sad thing to be separated from those we love, and it would be very sad to think that we shall never see them again. It is ignorance of these things that causes many bad feelings, and I want to tell you something that will make you feel better, when you think of, and weep over your dear friends that death has separated from you.

When I was a small child, I used to think a great deal about people dying, and when I saw any one buried, it seemed so very lonely to leave them in the cold grave with dirt heaped over them: and when I was told that the spirit went to God, I could not understand what it meant; and I used to wonder how it was, and how it would be with me after death, for I knew that every body must die sooner or later. I sometimes wondered whether I should be a child, or be something else, and whether I should know anything or not. After I was old enough to understand that there is another place where folks live again after they die, I sometimes felt afraid that I should be somebody else, and not be myself; and a great many such thoughts puzzled my young brains.

Do you not think about these things? I know that little children think a great deal, and have many deep thoughts.

You that are children of the Latter Day Saints, have better opportunities to learn about these things, than I had, when I was small, for then, although my father and mother were good, and taught me to read the Bible, and believed in the prophets that lived long ago; they did not look for any to speak the word of the Lord to the people in these days. I used to read about the ancient prophets, and many times thought I would give all the world, if I had it, if I could see a prophet of God, and hear him talk and tell people what the Lord wanted them to do. For years, I almost felt to envy those who lived in days when prophets and apostles were on the earth.

When I heard that the Lord had raised up Joseph Smith, to be a prophet, I thought it seemed too good to be true, and I was afraid that it was not so. The thought that God was speaking as He did anciently, seemed delightful to me, and especially, when I learned that it was really true. You, my young friends, who were born in this church, cannot realize how happy I felt when I knew to a certainty, that God had a prophet on the earth, to teach people what they must do to be saved. There were so many preachers, and some taught one thing and some another—some said the Bible meant one thing, while others contended that it meant very differently, and I thought it the greatest of blessings, that God would speak by the mouth of a prophet, as He did in the days of Moses, and tell us which was the right way.

Now we know exactly, what God requires us to do, to be saved in His kingdom, and hereafter to enjoy the society of those we love: and the more we learn about death, the less we fear it, if we live as God wants us to live. For a saint to die, is like going from a poor, uncomfortable room, into a nice, beautiful one—it is like going from a kitchen into a parlor. Our spirits do not die; but as soon as the spirit goes out of the body, the body is dead—it is like a garment that has been taken off to be washed, and it is laid away in the grave to remain till the resurrection.

After the spirit leaves the body, it is of the same form and size as the body was, and if we could see it, we should not see any difference, and it is just as much alive as it was before the body died—it is in the midst of friends and can walk and sit, and talk and sing and pray just the same, and enjoy life much better than it did here, because it is free from the pain and weakness of the body. But the spirit is too pure for these mortal eyes to see unless our eyes are quickened by the Spirit of God so that we behold in vision, as many in this church have done; which is in fulfillment of the words of the ancient prophet Joel, as follows:—"And it shall come to pass afterwards, that I will pour out my Spirit on all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids, in those days will I pour out my Spirit."

E. R. S.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

GREAT curiosity has been felt by learned men in the world to know the exact spot where the garden of Eden was situated. They have searched all Asia to find the place; but have not been able to decide upon it. But, from the fact that the ark rested on the mountain Ararat, which is in Asia, it has been generally supposed that Adam must have dwelt in Asia. It required the word of the Lord to decide this point. Joseph obtained revelation on this subject. From the Lord, Joseph learned that Adam had dwelt on the land of America, and that the garden of Eden was located where Jackson County, Missouri, now is.

In the book of Doctrine and Covenants it is said that "Three years previous to the death of Adam, he called Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch and Methuselah, who were all high priests, with the residue of his posterity who were righteous, into the valley of Adam-ondi-Ahman, and there bestowed upon them his last blessing. And the Lord appeared unto them, and they rose up and blessed Adam, and called him Michael, the Prince, the Archangel. And the Lord administered comfort unto Adam, and said unto him, I have set thee to be at the head—a multitude of nations shall come of thee, and thou art a prince over them for ever. And Adam stood up in the midst of the congregation, and notwithstanding he was bowed down with age, being full of the Holy Ghost, predicted whatsoever should befall his posterity unto the latest generation. These things were all written in the Book of Enoch, and are to be testified of in due time." How gratifying it is to have doubt removed upon such points, and to have the word of the Lord to depend upon! With what peculiar emotions Joseph and the brethren must have trod upon this holy land, the Lord having told them what had taken place there in the early days of men, and what would yet take place there in the future! The remains of the altar, on which Adam had offered sacrifice were plainly to be seen.

The apostasy of leading men, though unpleasant and grievous, did not cause Joseph and the faithful elders to slacken their diligence. They felt a greater determination than ever to persevere in the work of the Lord. On the fourth of July, 1838, the corner stones of the House of the Lord at Far West were laid amid much rejoicing. Joseph and his brethren were desirous that the Lord would show unto them His will concerning the Twelve, and Joseph accordingly, inquired of Him. On the eighth of July they received the word of the Lord on the subject. He commanded that a conference be held immediately, and the Twelve be organized and men be appointed to take the places of those who had fallen. The Lord named John Taylor, John E. Page, Wilford Woodruff and Willard Richards to be ordained in their places. He also commanded the Twelve to prepare to take their departure the next spring to go over the great waters to Europe to preach the gospel. They were to take leave of His saints on the twenty-sixth of April on the building spot of His House in Far West. How wonderfully the Twelve were enabled to fulfil this latter requirement you shall learn hereafter.

Joseph during these days had, as usual, plenty of business to attend to. Besides helping to locate the saints and fulfilling his other duties as president of the church, he acted as editor of the *ELDER'S JOURNAL*, a periodical published at Far West.

The spirit of gathering up to Zion was strongly felt by the saints in Kirtland. The evil influences which prevailed there caused those who wanted to live in peace and in the enjoyment of their religion to desire to move off where they could have those blessings; besides it was required by the revelations of the Lord. The members of the quorums of Seventies who were living in Kirtland assembled in the Lord's House in that place to devise the best means of removing their quorums to Missouri. It was made manifest by vision and prophecy, that they should go up in a camp, pitching their tents by the way. Under the leadership of their presidents they went into camp on the 5th of July, and on the 6th started, numbering five hundred and fifteen souls. When near Mansfield, Ohio, the camp was met by the county sheriff and some others, with a warrant for some of the brethren on account of the "Kirtland Safety Society" money, and Josiah Butterfield, Jonathan Dunham, and Jonathan H. Hale were taken and committed to jail. They took Brother Hale thinking he was Brother Joseph Young. While in prison they prayed and sung, and rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. They who took them prisoners only used the Kirtland bank money as an excuse for taking them; if they had not been Latter-day Saints they would not have troubled them. In the night, while the brethren were in prison, a light equal to noon day burst into the prison. Elder Dunham took out his watch, and saw that it was three minutes past one, and he received a testimony that they would be liberated the same hour that afternoon. This proved true; for they could find nothing against them and they were discharged.

During the journey of this camp to Missouri there was much of the power of God manifested. Devils were cast out, the sick were healed and many mighty works were wrought. One little boy had his leg run over by the wheel of a heavily-loaded wagon; it nearly severed the flesh to the bone. His father, Elder Martin H. Peek, laid hands on him in the name of the Lord, and he was enabled to walk, and the next morning there was not so much as a colored spot to be seen on the leg. Thus did the Lord confer His gifts and blessings on His people. Yet many murmured and complained; they were selfish and covetous, and like the children of Israel when they traveled in the wilderness, their hearts were hard, and they listened to the evil one. Therefore he had power to lead them astray. But many were faithful and humble, and sought the Spirit of the Lord. Out of five hundred and fifteen who started in the camp from Kirtland, there were only about two hundred who reached Far West. Of the others some had stopped by the way for one cause or another, and others had scattered to the four winds. The most of them, however, as soon as they raised means to carry them on their journey, gathered with the saints. The camp reached Far West on the 2nd of October, having been twelve weeks and two days on the road from Kirtland, and having traveled, by the route they came, eight hundred and sixty-six miles. Upon their arrival at Far West they received a warm welcome from the elders and saints.

STUT your ears when bad words are said. Do not let them get into your memories, for they may trouble you all your lives. If you are not made low and wicked by them, says a writer, but grow up to be pure men and women, "you will be all the more sorry for the impure spots left in your mind, which will stick like pitch to you, and which you cannot burn out or wash away."

Original Poetry.

MY FATHER DEAR.

TUNE—"My Mother Dear."

My own indulgent father;
Most good and kind to me,
My heart is full of gratitude,
As heart of child can be.
The sweetest tones cannot express
What my young bosom feels,
For all the love and tenderness,
A father's care reveals.

My father dear—

My father dear—

My own kind, loving father.

My earthly gifts and blessings,
From father's bounties flow:
O, how shall I the debt repay?
What can a child bestow?
I will not deign an offering
From manumon's shining mart—
A richer token, I will bring—
A tribute from the heart.

My father dear—

My father dear—

My own kind, loving father.

I think upon his kindness,
And fond emotions swell
From pure affection's fountain streams,
And more than words can tell.
The purpose of my heart shall be
My gratitude to prove,
And with my life's integrity,
To testify my love.

My father dear—

My father dear—

My own kind, loving father.

E. R. S.

BROTHER CANNON:—

The above is the true expression of the feelings of President Young's young children. It is their song to their father. Thinking it would meet with a response from the hearts of many children in this Territory, I have transcribed it for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

E. R. S.

Correspondence.

NEPHI CITY, Juab County, Feb. 20th, 1867.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

Having received the three first numbers of volume 2 of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, I am much pleased with its contents, and general make up; it is the best paper of its kind I have met with.

My children also read it with pleasure, and it is enlightening their understandings in the truth, faster than any thing else they read, from the fact that it is suited so well to their capacities.

The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR ought to be in every family where there are children; for it is one of the best papers for the instruction of the young, that has been published in the church.

Your article on Sunday Schools is very timely. I know what you state to be true. I was once a Sunday scholar in different Sunday schools myself, and the teachers tried hard to make a sectarian of me; but the Lord enlightened my mind by his Holy Spirit, and the Spirit manifested to my mind that the sectarian churches were all in error. At twelve years of age I

wished in my heart that I might have lived in the days of Jesus and his Apostles when they were on earth. I thought I would have followed them every place where they went. With these feelings I was preserved, until the gospel was brought to my native town, and in that town, one week after I heard the gospel preached, I was baptized into the true church of Christ.

Wishing the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR every success, I remain yours in the gospel of Christ,

THOMAS J. SCHOFIELD.

CATECHISM

FOR OUR JUVENILES,

Re-published from No. 4, with Answers.

31. Who preached the first public discourse ever preached by any member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints?

Oliver Cowdery.

32. When was it preached? and where?

On the 11th of April, 1830, in the house of Mr. Whitmer, Fayette.

33. Who were the first missionaries appointed to carry the gospel to the Lamanites?

Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer, junr., Parley P. Pratt and Ziba Peterson.

34. Who were the first members of the church who were privileged to stand upon the ground designed for a holy purpose? What place was it?

The elders above named. The place was Independence, Jackson County, Missouri, where the great Temple of Zion is to be built.

35. Who was the first bishop in the church?

Edward Partridge.

36. When and where were high priests first ordained in this generation?

On the 6th of June, 1831, at a conference held at Kirtland.

37. What important work did the Prophet Joseph do on the 2nd of August, 1831?

He assisted in laying the first log for a house, as a foundation for Zion: this was in Kaw township, twelve miles west of Independence.

38. What elder tried to write a revelation like the revelations of Jesus?

William E. McLellan.

39. What became of him?

He apostatized, and became a bitter enemy to the work of God and to Joseph.

40. What was the effect of his attempting to do so on the elders?

They were renewed in faith, "for they saw plainly that no one but the Lord could give such revelations as they had received through Joseph, and they rejoiced much."

THE ANSWER to the charade in No. 3 is: DESERET STATE TELEGRAPH. The following sent correct answers:—D. E. Allen; E. Shiply; R. Shiply; M. E. Shiply; A. Fitzgerald; J. E. Callister; H. Anderson; S. W. Andrew; W. Lewis; Julia; L. Tingey; H. P. Folsom.

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Elder Wm. H. Shearman, Logan, will act as General Agent for Cache Valley.

Grain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DESERET NEWS BUILDINGS.